

MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT:

"RETAINING THE TRANCE"

HENTRICH DIARIES

PHASE ONE: EARTH AND SKY JOURNALS

VOLUME FOUR

BOOK FIVE: RETAINING THE TRANCE



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200 sheets/wide ruled

MEDITATIONS cm

NOTEBOOK 15

⑮ WTU₅

WRITINGS 1988

8 August thru 15 October

notebook

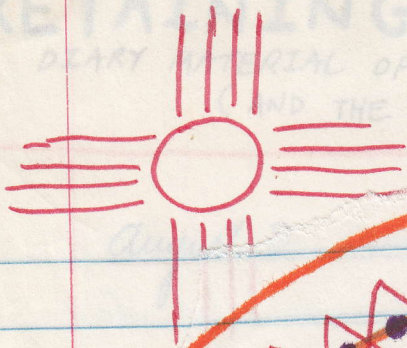




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RETAINING THE TRANCE

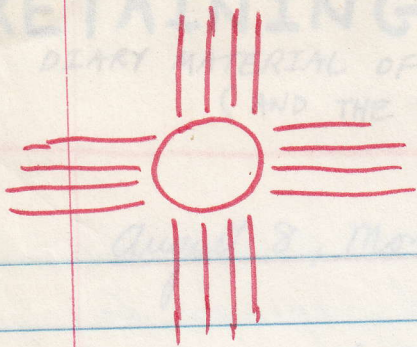
DIARY MATERIAL OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1929
(AND THE FIRST PART OF OCTOBER)



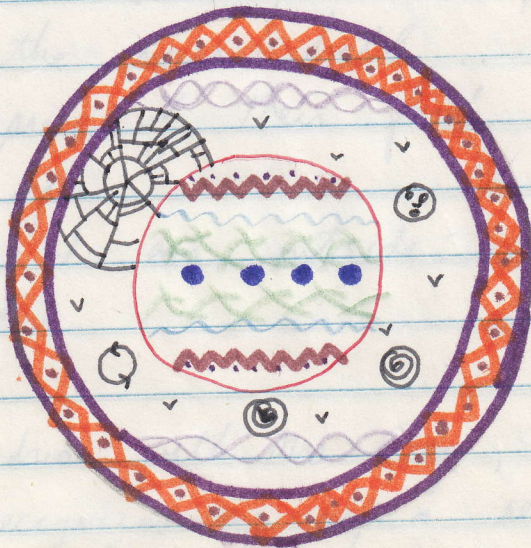
Michael William Hentrich Diaries

RETAINING THE TRANCE

DIARY MATERIAL OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER 1972
(AND THE FIRST PART OF OCTOBER)



429



Michael William Hentrich Diaries

436

914

August 13, Saturday

Today has not been an ordinary day. This morning we found out that one of our fellow-inmates had escaped from the job site during the night with over \$800.00 and a car! That may jeopardize our job assignment, as the gas station connection may be terminated.

Sister Tami visited today with nephew Joey. Such a peaceful mood that has evoked in me... knowing she and mom miss me and anticipate my return home. Tami said something that removed the worry I was having (about my being inclined to think deeply - of a mystical quality). She said she's been having dreams like this: where after I have been dead for one hundred years, people would know of me... something I had written. She said that she thinks of the things I say all the time, and everyday these things become more clear to her. The joy of the prophet is witnessing the transformation of the people's minds!

544
August 16, Tuesday (evening)

441 917

... lights are out, writing in the twilight...
... eye glasses broke at work Friday night...
... pulled off the 11-7 midnight shift because
of the escape and the suicide out at the
Shell Station on the turnpike.

life is real

... tuned into 88.9 WXPB on the radio... I'm
gonna be calm and write in the darkness... a
bit of light is seeping onto the paper from
the light outside the window.

I got enough sleep today, but still have
to sleep tonight - as I'll be working on
the unit tomorrow.

I feel as though I am rehabilitated
and prepared for the work force in society.
Now, the only quirk in my character
is my inclination towards mysticism...

Like Jim Morrison, I may be
drawn into shamanism by the
ghosts that have chosen to guide me
through this era. (Black Elk, Hesse,
Thoreau). I'm looking forward to
re-reading/studying the 3 books that
mom will bring Sunday. My focus is now on
spirit journeys which happen in dreams.

August 19, Friday

445 920

The appointment at Yardville was to see a psychologist (not the psychiatrist) - it was a pre-parole interview, as I go up in October. It was short and concise. She said I am obviously not a criminal, but an alcoholic who has had a tough emotional experience growing up. She understands I am serious about my recovery, and she will recommend me for parole with advise to get counselling out in society.

I told her of my plans to travel via ten speed bicycle, live with sister Tami, and get "any job" to start with.

The most important thing for me to do now is "nothing". Maintain patience and grace by being honest and clear minded. It matters not what people think or say about me. What matters is that I am at peace with the inner Realm, and that I listen to the Spirit of the Universe that speaks to my heart. From the Great Beyond we are guided by our primal ooze which possesses a Timeless Consciousness.

Session 921

Now. What is my "religion"? I worship nature, and I seek truth/reality in the messages of Nature's aura. I surrender my thoughts and feelings to be renewed and deepened by the spirits of the water and forests, the spirits of the sky and animals... So my religion is the Great Earth Mother belief system...

Where does Jesus fit into this web of myth? Well before attacking me, calling me a devil, telling me I'll burn in hell for heresy, let me reveal who Jesus is and who he is not.

Jesus is not a Christian. Jesus is one of the many human animals who was in tune with the Great Beyond. Because of the nature of politics and religions, the government feels a great need to keep the peoples "thoughts and feelings" in control. The government and the holy rollers persecuted Jesus of Nazareth because they need to get rid of such "philosophers".

So, say someone tells me to let go and accept Jesus into my heart so I can be "saved". What is my reaction?

I say, "NO. I let go of all preconditioned thinking patterns, and I ~~accept~~ ~~the~~ surrender to the Power of Nature!"

I feel disgusted by "the thought of how Christianity despiritualizes people just as the government tried to despiritualize Jesus." Jesus was just like me!

He was a philosopher. People called him a devil! a heretic!

I have my own role to play in the web of life. Let's face it, I'm using this page to get it out on paper. I will not waste energy directing it towards a "trap".

I'm going to tune out of that mythos all together. (altogether)

I'm seeking deeper realities!

I need beliefs that will reveal to me the true nature of life on this planet. That is why I will focus on the following three novels.



Walden and "Civil Disobedience"

Thoreau

Black Elk Speaks

Neidhart

Steppenwolf

Hesse

August 22, Monday

Dream Recall

447

→ Dream of Eric and I Wandering The Shore

I am driving down a long road... I have one shoe on - the other foot bare.

We are in a rush to accomplish something of a "Messiah Movement".

We have the power to be Messiahs, but we, too, will merely be grass upon the hill. I am looking for a place to leave my bowel movement... (excrement/shit)

448

I feel myself falling off track slightly.

922

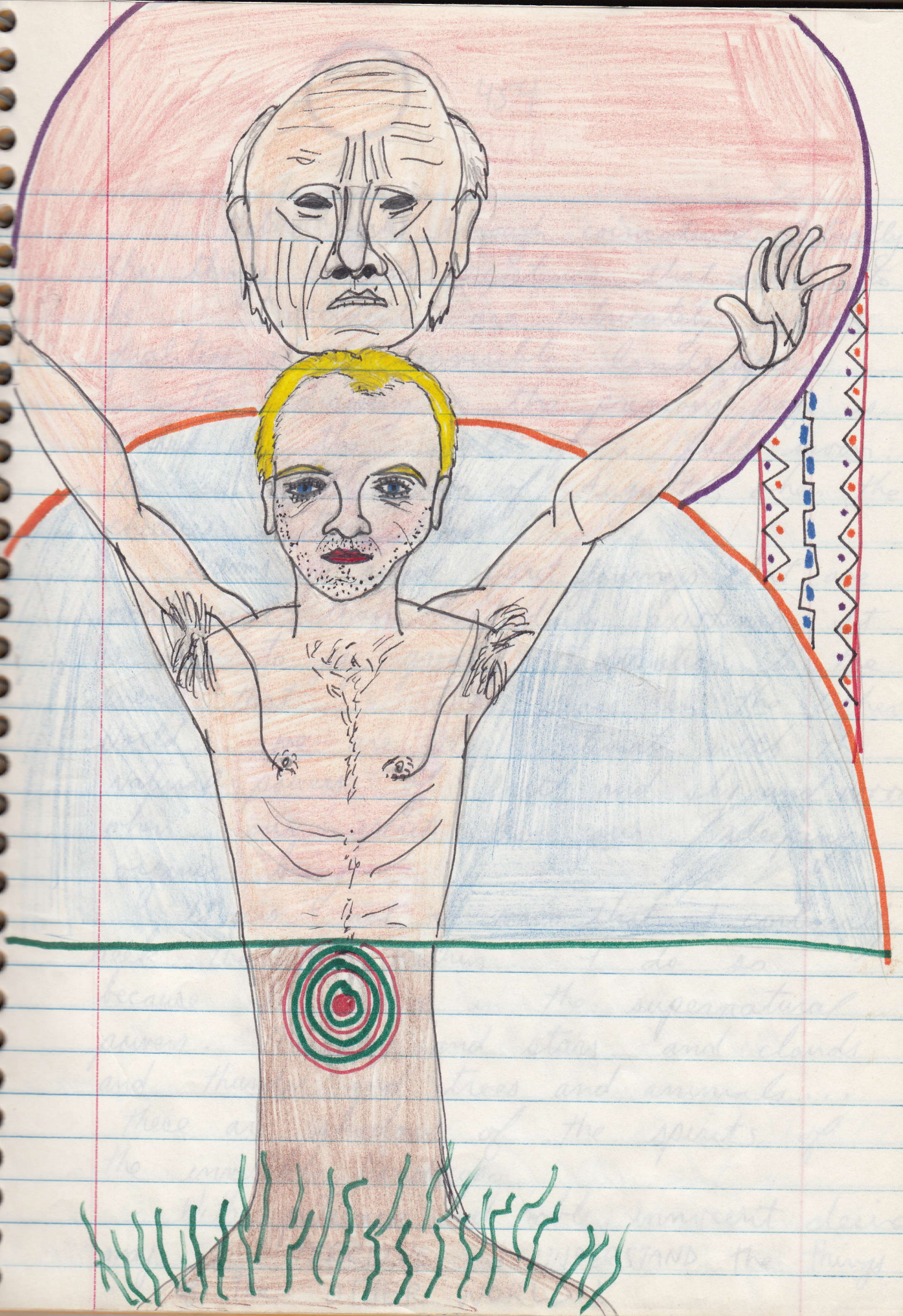
I must not let my vision be despiritualized.

I must dream Powerful Shamanistic Visions.

I must "recall the deeper messages".

I am curious about "the things of the other world", and I desire to see the mystery and strangeness of daily life...

we are the faces that came out of the ground... only the spirits of the World may deepen my Vision.



457 929

August 29 Monday

Before I sink into the deep sleep, I force myself to write an entry about the "healing powers" of "sleeping and dreaming".

When tired, the mind perceives the world from a more and more withdrawn state of mind. We become the living dead, as our spirit longs to renew itself... to travel inward... to return to the Other World.

It becomes clear that wakeful reality is a world of shadows, riddles, illusions; of paradox and irony... a man can die young and misunderstand without any recognition whatsoever from the "people" of the established institutions of the present society — but his spirit is observed by the supernaturals.

When I re-enters the waters of sleep, I want to understand the nature of the mind... so as to see things as they really are... naked, with no masks of form...

Now... I feel as though mankind has become slave to the machines, and that money — and the material gimmicks attained by money — causes greed... which causes confusion and spiritual poverty. I want to be a PRESENCE of ANCESTRAL WISDOM.



459

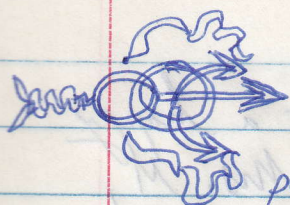
930

Reaching out to the primal mother Nature,
and seeking wisdom in the primal
grandfather Spirit, there comes a link.
(thunder cracks just now - the voice
of Thunder Beings... make me to
recognize these powers as ancient,
let me become intimate with the spirits
of Natural Energy)

Just as one reaps the taste of the
corn after obeying the genuine desire to
take it into ones jaws, the
supernaturals will bestow their grace
and mystery and strangeness upon
the humble creature who
looks beyond society, beyond family
for Inner Power.

The earth and sky and woods are
so ancient, so mystical - I feel
intimate with their Presence - as I
have come from the same source.

(although) We all have... all creatures are relative,
although modern man often desecrates the
fellow Nations of life forms. When seeking
supernaturals, strange inner metamorphosis
will occur. A SACRED MANNER WILL BE MANIFESTED.



Why am I writing this? I do not know. The pen is in my hand. I lay in bed with the open notebook in front of me. I have reached a symbolic boundary: The boundary between the "daily reality" and the deeper reality of moods and feelings... the daily reality consists of "what we seem to be, the masks we wear, the labels given us", but the deeper reality consists of "what is going on in our hearts; Our deepest thoughts and feelings."

So, while I may appear to be a loner who shys away from girls, the truth may be quite different. I may shy away from certain kinds of girls because I am not drawn to them. I am not the same kind of animal.

A girl I mate with may have to be an intellectual... a creative woman with an open mind to my personal quirks.

Although I may need some innocent sex with any woman's body, that will only leave me empty... although it may be necessary to release my fluids within a woman, I would rather experience the ecstasy of wild sex with a female intellectual.

938

468

the possession experience

chosen one

voodoo child, seeker of truth

obsessed with thoughts

obsessed, possessed

so shy he is

he shys away into a quiet place

at peace in darkness

at peace in the woods

sometimes he feels strange

he sometimes wishes he were not chosen

chosen to brew deep thoughts

to write a diary of a madman

for sure he has thought deeply

deeper than most

deeper than the herd

tonight he celebrates his strangeness

morbid voodoo child

bedevilled and possessed!

the herd could easily crucify him (me)

they leave me be

88P
804

does anyone notice him?
he is obsessed with writing
he fills notebooks with thoughts
what possesses him?

people advise him often:
"just find a girl"
"see a psychiatrist"
"do not think so much"

possession experience
taste it to the dregs
explore paths not taken
the devil chooses his philosophers

this wall is herd morality
the herd is content with pleasure
ghosts fill this kid's mind
demanding obedience!

spontaneously he obeys the ghosts
he calls them "the gods and spirits"
he creates a personal cult vision
the meek^{one} becomes a powerful mystic!

September 2 Friday Evening

472 941

Black Elk Speaks about Crazy Horse's Vision:

"Crazy Horse dreamed and went into the world where there is nothing but the spirits of all things. That is the real world that is behind this one, and everything we see here is something like a shadow from that world. He was on a horse in that world, and the horse and himself on it and the trees and the grass and the stones and everything were made of spirit, and nothing was hard, and everything seemed to float."

Now we are getting somewhere. That is the Real World, the Other World... "everything we see is like a shadow from that world".

This world that I write in my journals is only a shadow of the Other World Behind this one.

The reason some people may think I am "weird" is because I am part way in that world of spirit all the time. That is why I move about quietly and thinking all the time. Constantly I am seeing through shadows... listening for invisible guides.

Where does humour fit into all this?
Like an animal, I am mostly serious
all the time... but at times I get
to feeling sad and I wonder why
I am not living a life
like others do.

But humour comes to me with
the gift "to be able to see the irony
and paradox of life". Humour... I am
strange to reality and I shy away from
crowds... so as it seems that I
am rejected and shut out from them,
the truth is that I have no
desire to be "in the crowd".

Look at it beyond the shadows and
try to see the deeper meanings.
I shy away from the crowds so that I
can be more intimate with the spirits...
I can hate people, yes, but I can
also see through them right into their
souls... and in the Other World -
I believe I am some kind of healer.
I need humour so as to say, "See
the truth, ah... I must forgive them and
hope they learn the great secret someday soon."

sadness

My vision is so powerful that it saddens me to the point that I feel I will die of sadness, but what is death?

I think that maybe there is no such thing, as the spirits of all things continue to live even when they appear "dead". If this world is only shadows of the real world, then what is going on in the Other World?

With all these machines and all the confusion of the times! We work for a thing called money, and this money buys us bread and canned foods.

[that's good writing! Now truth is coming out in mannerisms. Speak as though you are not at home with the modern system, as though you are a secret wanderer from the Other World... Remember that the world is only shadows of the spirits of all things.]

Hunger is real, yes, and the cold of winter is real, yes. We are driven to gather food and to meditate within a shelter.

Remember not to compare your own life with the life of others. My spirit could be on a different path than another's.

People may criticize the way I speak about the modern world, as though I were not a human being. It angers them because they want me to admit that I am alive only because of houses and technology ---

No. My spirit is alive because of the miracle of Creation; and my spirit will live even after my body dies...

lying beside a square house, starved to death because money cannot sustain one's being... only the spirits of the animals and the spirits of the plants can do that.

Who is this voice speaking now? I really do love this wise understanding that has relieved me of yesterday's despair. Is it finally the secret, hidden Great Spirit that is whispering to me truths that no man can reveal to me?

Now, I will be driven to the gas station by a machine. I will pump fuel into lots of machines driven by walking skeletons. I will try to remain part way in the Other World.

September 3, SaturdayDream Recall

→ Visions of Lightening Bolts and Spirals of Energy
 Friere is in this dream. Everything is
 of the spirit, like in Crazy Horses vision.

I am looking out of a window and I
 see a Lightening Bolt coming from the
 sky. It stays there coming down
 with another bolt spiraling around it.

I see some people from the Tract,
 like Ray Daniels.

In a television, I see myself with
 a boat... I see 3 woman working in a
 restaurant.

Then Friere is explaining to me the
 danger of understanding the wrongness of
 the Bible and the religious powers...

Once a man truly restores all the amazing
 powers to the senses (that have been
 stolen away by civilization) he is then
 in a dangerous situation.

I ask Friere if "the devil" in the
 Bible is not Nature and All The Mystical
 Powers of the spirits of all things?
 He says that the men in power have been
 killing heretics because of their spiritual depth.

I am walking down roads ... going into
hiding to gather my thoughts.

I come across some people.
An elderly man looks very familiar ...
we are recovering alcoholics.

If civilization, christianity, and automative
subjugation have despiritualized us - and
then an honest, humble man BREAKS THROUGH
to the Great Spirit and this honest man
re-attains the powers to his inner senses,
then he is like the animals, trees, and
birds ... Industry is his enemy, and he
feels the scars on the Earth Mother.



In the dream I seemed a little frightened about
having broken through to the Other World. It
seems as though the machines and the
men in power would seek to silence me,
knowing that I could be in direct
contact with real supernatural forces.

I could be a cult hero protected by
the gods and spirits ... but I seek only
to be a good natured woodsman, a wolf child
of the bush ... in their eyes, a child of the Devil.

1988.09.17 *

I realize what the problem is with my writing, with my life, with my thoughts. The boredom is too real. There is no real love for this "A G" ... it is only a fantasy used to make me feel like a man.

The thing I need to do is to FACE the VOID without any delusions. Am I ready for that? It is too late to say that this volume is REAL MATERIAL, for after reviewing March 1988's material, I find I have only succeeded in repeating the same old fantasies of the same old pipe dreams.

What is so frightening about accepting the meaningless of reality? When I will I at long last become a prophet of doom: like George Orwell? Yes! I need to be MORBID because I am so sick and tired of believing the plastic mind-set of "mass media".

There is no beautiful wife. There is no beautiful house. There is no beautiful car. There is winter, spring, summer, and there is autumn. There are glowing moons, clouds, and rising suns. There is hunger and sleep... loneliness and inner peace.

* 71.90.88P1
495

When I choose to abandon the delirious
fantasies and face the VOID fearlessly,
I do not have to abandon what I
have come to know as SPIRITUALITY.
It is true that, by giving up self-
deception, the art of being a
prophet will lose its "glory".
Yes. indeed to be a prophet of
doom is merely to be an
honest man who suffers life to
the dregs ... a man who wants not
to set himself up for a great
fall.

I want to be ready for the
impersonal cruelty of life so that
I will not be shocked
by the terrors of the nature of
reality.

A plastic mind cannot
enter the bush. A woodsman
is well prepared for the mental,
emotional, and spiritual truths
of EXISTENCE.

Evelution ... survival ... hunger ...
the black widow ... sex and death ... ^{sweet} PAIN ...
such a child of the devil I AM !

I am preparing my mind for the next phase of my "growing", my "learning".

This volume, if I am not taken by the Keeper before then, will last into mid-October. There will be a full moon of September and a crescent moon of October. By the full moon of October, I will have begun a new volume of Diary Material. Hopefully that will be of true prophetic insights!

I mean, THE REAL MATERIAL OF THE MIND OF MICHAEL WILLIAM HENTRICH.

The first difference will be the symbol on the back... no indian symbols... no... just a self-image sitting by a tree... contemplating...



The second difference began with this volume. It is why this volume is of major significance, not to mention the growth happening with this specific entry. I am speaking of the abandonment of the Suggestions/Questions & Pre Sleep Sessions. They were entirely too spontaneous for paper... Now, with this entry I abandon even more...

I am an old creature in a young body.
I have insight into the sufferings of life.
I am ready for the pain of living. I
do not expect life to be pleasant.

So, am I a "wimp"? No. I am just
an intellectual who prefers peace over violence.
I am tough enough to endure the night
in the wilderness, or find shelter in
a tree ... I am tough enough to die
without clinging to personality because I
am in harmony with THOUGHT and
SPIRIT. I accept that only the Earth
lasts. What choice does life leave us
but to surrender to its nature?

Has it ~~come~~ connected yet? I mean, the
quality of my personal writings ... the mood
of my mind ... has truth connected for
me?

I am writing a "twilight zone - like
documentary" to fill in the empty
hours of boredom. I, or some other
mind, will read these contemplations, and
the goal is to induce a trance ...
a trance in which grace fills the void.

The entire obsession with "mysticism and the occult" can be broken down into a simple Way of Life.

Notice how SPIRITUALITY becomes the basis of my ideas... there is always that sacred connection with the Spirit of the Mind.

Can it be so simple that I only have to focus on WHAT I NEED FOR MERE EXISTENCE - and then abandon (on a daily basis) the things that I want - but do not really need... abandon the UNNATURAL desires, and attain the real needs... like sleep, food, shelter, companionship, contact with nature, exploration of the spiritual world...

Each new day means a new idea. Each new volume of diary material means breaking through to more real states of mind.

The focus is on GROWTH and LEARNING: on a spiritual level, a mental level, and an emotional level. My mission is to attain peace of mind - then to PRACTICE AND TEACH a "spiritual Way of Life"

These words are tracks of my spirit. I leave a trail of notebooks ... my shadow. In the introduction of this volume, I stated that it was of major significance; but that significance is only now beginning to be real. Notice the signs... the clues. No margins.

I have only just begun to write! My diaries from my adolescence were lost: 1981 through 1987. LOST. GONE. Never to be read. Although I do not plan on sharing the material with anyone, there is a chance someone may stumble upon it ... drawn to it by the Elder Ghosts.

For that reason, I had to repeat many of my old ideas in the 1988 diaries: there are four → Coyote Emerges March 1988

→ Crystallization Metamorphosis April 1988

→ Vision Quest May 1988

→ Spherical Trance June/July 1988

"Spherical Trance" was a turning point. Now, I was not going to give a subtitle to this volume ... but is that not part of the "Tom Sawyer / Coyote FUN" of CREATING a WORK. So, in the tradition of the Hentrich Diary Material, I name this volume of August/September/October 1988:

RETAINING THE TRANCE



503 965

September 22 Thursday

I have something I need to write over again because it rings so true in describing the mentality level of the system - as well as the mentality level of my neighbors (in jail, and often out of jail as well).

"I COULD NOT HELP BEING STRUCK BY THE FOOLISHNESS OF THAT INSTITUTION WHICH TREATED ME AS IF I WERE MERE FLESH AND BLOOD AND BONES, TO BE LOCKED UP. AS THEY COULD NOT REACH ME, THEY RESOLVED TO LOCK UP MY BODY. I SAW THAT THE STATE WAS HALF-WITTED, AND I LOST ALL MY REMAINING RESPECT FOR IT."

HENRY THORAEU

Because I refused to turn the light out Monday (or was it Tuesday) evening before going to work, and because of my grumbling tongue, I now have to stay out in the "TV ROOM" in the apartments for two weeks (between 6-9 PM). Also, I cannot read or write anywhere else but there. Lights from now on I cannot touch after 10 PM.
The POEMS LIVE!

966



504

You Cannot Reach Me

you cannot reach me
my flesh and blood and bones
is all you see of me
so you control what you believe to be me

my mind, you cannot reach
between my thoughts I dwell
to say I am odd and anti-social
you overestimate your own reality

to say my mind becomes unreal
when I stay alone in solitude
what is so real about your reality?
to me it is meaningless

so you believe you've discovered a demon
dwelling within this body
you & have found the creature
the creature of the woods

I will not fight your subjugation
because you cannot reach me
my spirit will prowl the woods
the demon loathes your shallow reality -

SESSION 967

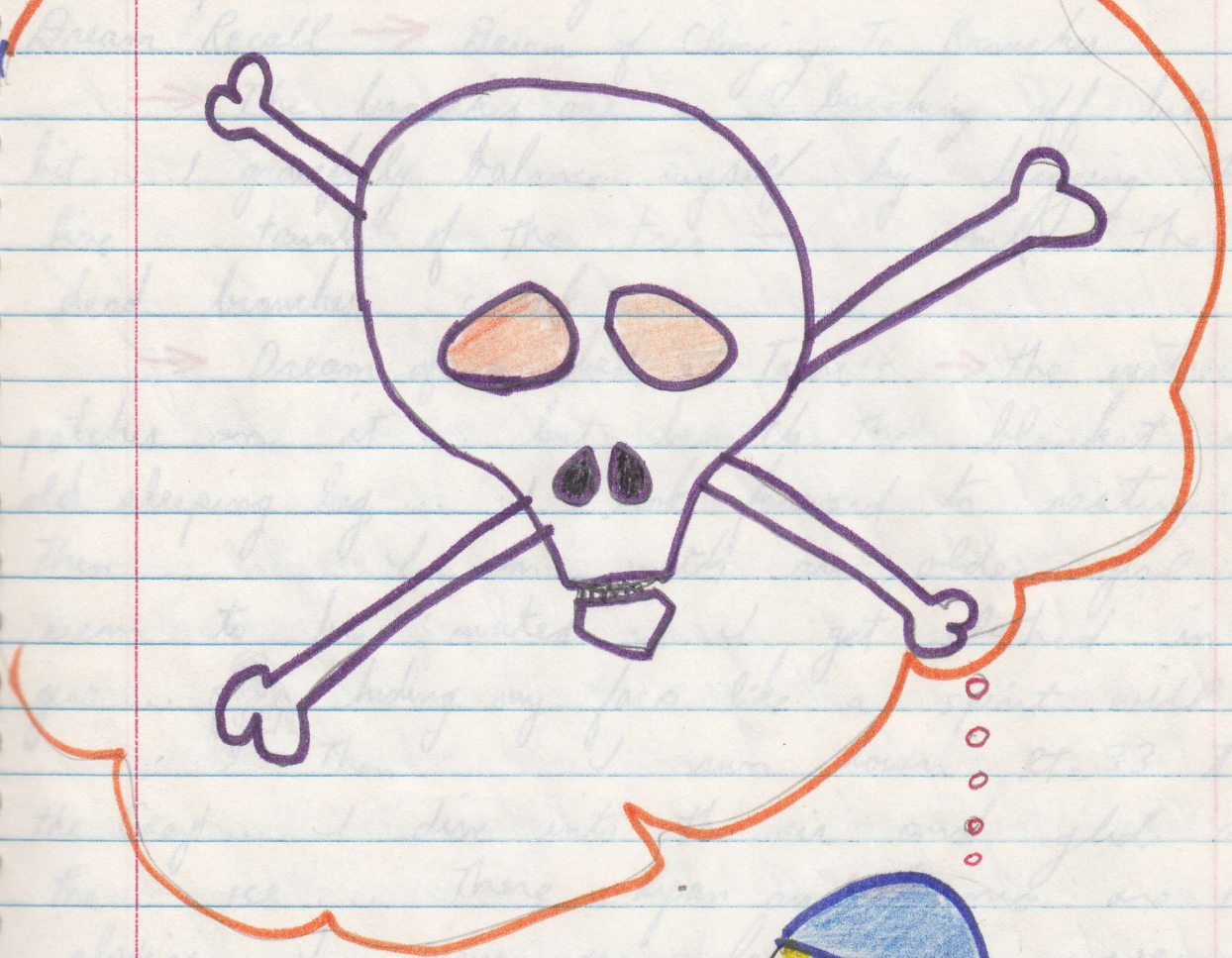
Well, here I am sitting in the "TV room" because the group decided that would be a punishment for me for 2 weeks. I am writing anyway! I will read some Kurt Vonnegut also. Peace.

After a nap, I am a little more at ease. Today's group surprised me. I was disgusted by the way Mr. Tidwell came down on me just for using the light... and for something I may have mumbled under my breath. I felt like the world was closing in on me, pushing it's reality further into my inner realm. I wanted to run into the inner realm, to escape the half-witted injustices of both the group and the counselor. I have changed.

Although I am quiet, I do have a wild side of me. Here I am... it is very clear to me what is going down. I feel so god damned content and "far removed from this dimension".

Mr. Tidwell said he wanted to inconvenience me being that I felt that I had certain rights... I had to use all my patience to ~~not~~ keep from telling the counselor how UNREAL his reality is to me.

September 23 Friday



506
968

September 24 Saturday

The punishment has turned out to be beneficial to me by getting me out of the room... to mix with the others.

When I was walking by Mr. Tidwells desk, he said, "Hey. Get that wrinkle out of your face..." and he smiled when he said it. What a relief!

I smiled back... in easy, peaceful feelings... I am at peace with the world around me. Even though we are distinct, we are both people... we are both characters in The Stayboard... I believe we can be on peaceful terms, even though he had to discipline me.

I really want to be paroled from Wharton Tract by December, but I also want to follow my inner urges. I do not want to pretend to be an "angel"... because I am a creature of desire - like all.

The mysterious nature of reality is very enchanting. Besides the woods and earth and sky, there is the bizarre world of dreams and trance-states of mind.

509 971

September 27 Tuesday

My "ratings" dropped from above average to a mid average ... and the comment on the bottom states that Hentrich is "SLIPPING". I got rated below average for group counseling because of the incident with Britton. I explained to the counselor that I had the tendency to mumble things under my breath even before I came to jail. That is an attitude problem were I feel angry and rebellious. I seem like a "do right" because I try to behave - but sometimes I forget where I am - and I just don't seem to care. I get tired of doing what I am told.

This is not good that I am in a rehabilitation facility and I am slipping (towards the end). I have got to lay low and really try to behave. Even when I am freed, I must not let the anarchist in me get out of control.

I must grow. It is definitely something inside me that rebels against obedience. and the more I obey, the more it builds up in me...

511 972

Rehabilitation or punishment? What is the purpose of this time around in jail? If I were to harbour the rebellious attitude of a child, I would be angry and belligerent about being "locked up". I would resent the counselor for picking my brain and criticizing my lone-wolfishness.

Now, I hope I am maturing. Even as I received a lower rating than usual, and the counselor says I am "slipping", I can learn and grow as of this very moment!

Some thoughts were going through my mind last night (and this morning) about the secret nature of the trees and the sun and the moon, about "dreaming", and about the various "TRANCE VISIONS" I experience. I see very clearly the "MONSTER" in it's many layers of gimmicks: a poisoned world because of ~~a~~ The Monster of Industry.

I have thoughts now about my own reaction to this poisoned world: the very real desire to escape; return to the green alternative of Old Ways - when we were living in harmony with animals and plants.

521 979

March to May 1987 → Lakewood

January, February, March → Colts Neck Road, Freehold JO-BIL
April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December,
1986 (April to Jan) → 127 Hildale Rd, Lisa, Vickie

Whistle Cleaners and Hendersons Sunoco

March 1986 → Matavan Terrace, JO BIL

~~February~~ January, February → Stokes Street, Freehold MOMS

~~January~~ Dec. 26-27-28-29-30-31-Jan. 1 → Sam + Gails, ^{MANAHAWKIN}

1985 December → Mom's in Freehold

1985 August, September, October, November → Long Beach Island ^{ROY'S} PIZZA

1983 through 1985 back and forth from rooms to
dads... meanwhile, enduring CBT.

SHOULD I KEEP GOING?

→ I have endured the divorce of 1981.

→ I have endured Baron's death of 1984.

→ I have endured CBA and the rejection from A.G.

→ I broke away from dad in December 1985.

→ From January 1986 to January 1987, I went from
Moms to sisters to a woman's - all
the while on reefer and beer and psychedelics.

→ My last resort was the Minichini's attic... and then
Jo's sister in Lakewood. I sunk further into my
addiction until I became useless.

→ May of 1987 was ^{the} ROCK BOTTOM month of my life.
Homeless, jobless, strung out... going down dead end.

1988.10.09

527

983

Evening entry before going to work → I am now seeing this "incarceration experience" in a new way. I look at myself and I see a docile, gentle hearted creature... look at my sheet from court: "He acted under strong provocation. He had no home or food".

by being placed at Wharton Tract in the middle of a forest, fulfills prophetic dreams I had about "the sanitarium".

Am I incarcerated to protect society from me, or am I prob being protected from society? It is an interesting thing to contemplate.

I am fascinated by reading and by writing my own journal. I discover worlds in my mind... I behold a universe in which our entire civilization is a speck that will crumble to the ground.

Where are we going? Our planet... Earth Mother, where is she going in this Milky Way?

Even though I am insignificant, and I am aware of the loneliness of existence, I believe a Perennial Spirit holds me to Her Breast... I look at my past... my innocence... I am ready to ~~see~~ venture out into the "outside world" again.

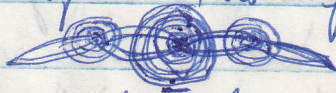
October 10 Monday Entry

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... powerful vision-like vibrations last evening while pumping gas on the Turnpike... Edwin Birds Cult... flashbacks of "mission mike - jungle boy"... remember 2 years ago at Exxon... a year ago at Ed's Sumoco... 3 years ago at Sumoco off of Freehold Circle... 8 years ago at Tony Anguns Betty... maintenance man for McDonalds... The vibes made me feel good about being who I am. I have a unique trip... extremes as far "white" as Christian Brothers Academy as far black as Whistle Cleaners at Rain Tree (Bird, Richardson-Kick-Vick, Carter, Glenn); working on Broad Street/Throckmorton...

I could not help but to smile as I noticed the natural man in me. E. Bird → M. Hentreich = same spirit, same heart... but whereas Bird is inclined to psychedelic Funk - Pee Funk, Hentreich is inclined to philosophy - mysticism - exploration of Dream Time to conjure up tribes of ghosts of shamans from the ancient primates of this futile land...



It is a JOY to discover who I am becoming is a more mature version of who I was. The JOY is in the JOURNEY! My mind is clearing... I find that I will never fit a mold, but I will discover the joy of being a True Child of The SPIRIT.